

a losing enterprise. The Indians did not succeed in finding enough gold, or else, as he suspects, they embezzled a considerable proportion of the production. At all events, the cost of implements, provisions, and superintendence greatly exceeded the value of the gold obtained.

Meanwhile Sutter's vast fields of grain grew up, ripened, withered, rotted, and died. There was nobody left to garner them. The ranches were deserted. The fort began to fall into that decay which, to the disgrace of the State, marks it to-day. Once the patriarch of the Pacific, the possessor of a ducal domain, and an income that princes might have envied, Captain Sutter was rapidly traveling the road to indigence. He was robbed again and again. In 1849-50 a party of miners stole \$60,000 worth of stock from him. Others cut down his timber and grass, and his lands were subsequently seized upon by claimants under new laws and new circumstances. Cities were built upon them. Pushing men had need of them, and in the race for wealth the claims of Captain Sutter to his own property were disregarded. His prior discovery and settlement; his title from the Mexican Government; his indispensable assistance in acquiring the whole territory for the United States; his princely hospitality which had fed thousands of colonists; his peculiar misfortune in having been the means of discovering the gold, and then of having lost, through this discovery, his mill, his workmen on the ranches, his animals, and his crops—all these things were forgotten. Selfishness and cupidity, under the euphemism of modern enterprise, had come to squat, like a poisoned toad, upon the patriarch's domain, and to efface the heroic deeds, the noble qualities, the rightful claims of Sutter.

His after life was uneventful. To say that he ran on the Whig ticket for Governor of the State in 1851, and afterward accepted from it

the poor compliment of an appointment as General of Militia, is only to prove that he had fallen into a condition of extreme dejection and humility. He retired to his Hock farm, a small and undisputed possession on the west bank of the Feather River, and there for many years watched the wheat stalk and the vine as they annually blossomed and decayed, all to no purpose, as he thought, and directed the movements of his lawyers in a vain effort to recover his estates. It is needless to say that he did not succeed. The State, with a penuriousness that strangely contrasted with the tons of gold that it now annually threw upon the markets of the world, voted Sutter a pension of \$250 a month; and so long as this was continued the brave old pioneer preserved his fortitude and sustained his hopes of restitution. When it was stopped he cursed the ingratitude which had pursued him, and left the State, as it proved, forever.

This occurred in 1868. From California Sutter repaired to Washington, there to sound in the cold ears of a distant government the oft-told story of his wrongs and his losses. It was here that I knew him—know him only to love and respect him. His was a character at once grand and simple, at once enterprising and ingenuous. He continued a petitioner of the Government for twelve years—a petitioner whom people soon came to look upon as a celebrated somebody, from somewhere, who had a grievance which dated back into forgotten times; but what its merits were few ever knew or cared to inquire. The age—the miserably dishonest age—turned its back upon him and snubbed him. Disappointment and contumely, at length, did its work, and in the month of June, 1880, Captain Sutter, who was a Livingstone, a Cameron, and a Stanley combined, sank beneath his overwhelming burdens.

ALEXANDER DEL MAR.

A VALLEY OF VINEYARDS.

Standing upon an elevation above Napa Valley, and looking down upon the vine-clad hills and broad acres of waving wheat, we scarce can realize that only half a century has elapsed since the first white settler, George C. Yount, here located his claim. The land which now yields such abundant harvests, which to-day pours untold wealth into our coffers, was fifty years ago in the possession of the "red man."

Valley and hillside were then alike one unbroken forest, a magnificent deer-park, dedicated to the use and abuse of the traditional Indian. Throughout the length and breadth of this fair land, the sole representatives of the "pale face" to be found were the Jesuits, who here and there established Catholic missions. The object of these missions was the conversion and education of the Indians. That success did not

crown these labors, that this attempt to introduce civilization was frustrated by the want of appreciation on the part of the recipient of this benevolence, is hardly to be wondered at. At the date of Mr. Yount's advent among them (1831), it was estimated that there were from three thousand to five thousand Indians in Napa Valley. They were divided into six tribes: The Mayacamos, occupying the land near Calistoga; the Callajomans, on the Bale *rancho*, in the vicinity of St. Helena; the Caymus, on the Yount grant; the Napa, from which tribe the valley derived its name, occupying that land between Napa River and the city of that name; the Ulcas, east of Napa River, near Napa City; and the Soscol, in that locality yet known as the Soscol grant, now owned by Mr. Thompson. Of these six tribes there could not be counted in the valley to-day two score of representatives. They have been utterly, and, it must be confessed, shamefully, put to rout. However, we do not here propose to enter upon a discussion of the wrongs of the "poor Indian." The palpable injustice of the White Man must be forgiven, overlooked, forgotten, in virtue of the material benefit which has accrued therefrom to the world. The Indians throughout Napa Valley were commonly known as Digger Indians. The name was probably derived from the means adopted by them of obtaining sustenance. They lived upon the lowest possible grade of food, which they dug out of the earth. Why they should have resorted to this is a mystery, since that region abounded in food which might readily have tempted our nicer palates—game of various kinds, fish, wild berries, and fruits. No wonder that the Indian was constitutionally averse to labor, since Nature had so bountifully supplied him with all needful food and—clothing. More fortunate than are we, he could liken himself, did he perceive the analogy, unto the "lilies of the field."

Napa was settled, as was every other county in California, by people of every nationality under the sun. Across the Sierra they came—enterprising men, who saw before them a new Canaan, "a land flowing with milk and honey." Some fell under the trials of pioneer life; some attained wealth and power, only to see it wrested from them; some bequeathed to their children the lands of which they became possessed too late for their own enjoyment; but few, very few, are they who are alive to-day to tell the tale of the past. Our forefathers foresaw, in a measure, the results which must crown their labors, but little dreamed they of the glorious future which now dawns upon this valley. They could not predict the mine of wealth which has been developed by industry and perseverance.

Napa Valley, beautiful in itself, is rendered yet more so by its magnificent background. Nature has placed this "gem of the Pacific" in a rare setting. Completely encircled by mountains, it forms a natural amphitheater. Had Johnson selected this locality for his Happy Valley, even his genius would have failed to have imbued in Rasselas the spirit of discontent. Facing the valley as you enter it is Mount St. Helena, supposed to be an extinct volcano, four thousand three hundred and forty-three feet above the level of the sea. From an address delivered by General Vallejo several years ago, in Santa Rosa, we cite the following incident:

"In 1845, Governor Rotscheff advanced with a party of Russians to Mount Mayacamos, on the summit of which he affixed a brass plate, bearing an inscription in his own language. He named the mountain St. Helena, for his wife, the Princess de Gagarin. The beauty of this lady excited so ardent a passion in the breast of Prince Solano, chief of all the Indians about Sonoma, that he formed a plan to capture by force or stratagem the object of his love; and he might very likely have succeeded had I not heard of his intention in time to prevent its execution."

Mount St. Helena is the pride of the valley, and well it may be. At sunset it presents a gorgeous panorama of shifting color, a bewildering maze of brilliant effects. Like a magnet, its proudly lifted crest attracts to itself all the wealth of color with which Napa skies are so richly endowed. Through the greater part of the winter this mountain is snow-capped.

Napa is but one of the many valleys through the county. The mountains, which form its boundary line on the east and west, are intersected by *cañons*, which have been rendered very productive. The mountain land greatly enhances the beauty of the scenery. It is covered with magnificent foliage—trees of numberless varieties. Among them are conspicuous the oak, madroño, cedar, fir, and pine. The banks of all the mountain streams are fringed with the willow, the ash, gigantic brakes, flowering manzanita, and the California laurel. Descending into the valley we find an infinite variety of oaks, and here and there clumps of the stately madroño. These primeval beauties will not long be left to us, however, for the giant has been conquered by the dwarf—ignominiously put to route. Where the vintner plants his foot the woodman's ax is too surely heard.

Napa Valley is thirty-five miles long, and five miles wide—this at its widest point. It narrows perceptibly proceeding upward. Napa River follows the line of the foothills on the east. This stream, while extending the entire length, is, in certain localities, so extremely narrow

that it seems presumptuous to claim for it the dignified appellation, river. It is by means of this river, and the copious mountain streams which traverse not only the main valley, but all the little ravines and *cañons*, that the land is irrigated. The county is small, but the fertility of its soil is unsurpassed. It boasts of sixty-four thousand one hundred and seventy-five acres under cultivation, thirty thousand five hundred and sixty-five of which are in wheat. The rich, arable lands of the valley are best adapted to the cereal crops, while the more gravelly soil of the foothills is reserved, though by no means exclusively, to the grape; but of this latter, more anon.

At first it was supposed that these hill lands were of no actual agricultural value. The mountainous belt, which has since been productive of enormous crops, was at one time only considered available for pasture land. "Further and further into new fields of utility the plow was pushed." Up the mountain sides sprung, as if by magic, orchards, vineyards, and even here and there a wheat field, until now the mountain lands are converted into beautiful homes—homes secured to their owners by unremitting toil, by perseverance and self-denial. We are constrained to say that in eight cases out of ten the men who have earned them are foreigners—Germans, Swiss, Italians—not native born Americans, and, in many cases, not even naturalized citizens. With their industry, their simple, frugal habits, they are wresting from our grasp the choicest gifts which God has given to man. We Americans do not understand the principle of economy, and, what is yet worse, we do not profit by the lesson taught us by our foreign brother. Here are men who, ten years ago, received laborers' wages at the cellars which they could to-day buy, did they choose. This suggests a query: Why do not our unemployed desert the sand-lot, and go to the vineyards? In this field there is no lack of work. In the St. Helena district alone, within a circuit of fifteen miles, there are twenty-three wine cellars and distilleries, some of these the most extensive in the State. Here the white man finds no Chinese rival. The work of wine-making is not intrusted to Chinamen. They are employed during the vintage to gather the grapes, and earlier in the season to do the hoeing and to burn brush; but the pruning, and plowing, and the wine-making itself, are done almost exclusively by white labor, which, in this district, commands from forty to sixty dollars per month.

Napa County rightly claims precedence for its agricultural advantages. Its peculiarly salubrious climate, and the adaptability of its soil,

insure its crops almost beyond the question of a doubt. Of course they are variable, but utter failure never occurs. Of its varied features, all its manifold interests, it is impossible to treat in the space allotted to one article. The subject of Napa Valley—the history of its past, speculations as to its future—would fill a volume.

Let us turn to the interest at present paramount—grape culture. This is a subject of more than passing interest to the world at large, for the day is not distant when California will claim her right to stand upon an equal footing with the European wine States. She will undoubtedly rival, in maturity, those with whom she now, in infancy, competes. In proof of this statement, we recall an item, mentioned some months ago, regarding the shipment to Germany of a cargo of wine, amounting to one hundred thousand gallons, purchased in San Francisco by a Bremen firm. Of this amount a large proportion came from Napa Valley, the red wines of that valley having acquired a reputation unsurpassed by those of any other county. To-day the Zinfandel wine of St. Helena is accepted as a standard throughout the United States. In St. Helena we see the Gironde of America. The superiority of this locality for vine growing purposes is generally conceded. This district comprises about two thousand acres of vineyard, producing an average of three and one-half tons of grapes, or five hundred and twenty-five gallons of wine, to the acre. These wines are celebrated for their variety, their remarkable perfection, and at present for the high prices they command; also, for the extensive trade which they are now attaining in the Atlantic and Gulf States. It is estimated that one million five hundred thousand gallons of wine are made annually in Napa County. Last year's statistics will carry their own weight without any comment:

Wine Crop of Napa County for 1879, in Gallons.

CALISTOGA.	
L. Kortum.....	20,000
ST. HELENA.	
C. T. McEachran.....	3,500
Jacob Schramm.....	12,000
F. H. Rosenbaum.....	3,500
John C. Weinberger.....	40,000
John Laurent.....	50,000
Chas. Krug.....	175,000
Beringer Bros.....	75,000
Conrad Wegele.....	6,000
Berretta Bros.....	4,000
Chas. Lemme.....	12,000
Metzner & Co.....	4,000
L. Haug.....	500
W. W. Lyman.....	4,000
Wm. Scheffler.....	120,000

E. Heymann.....	11,000
Sciaroni & Ramos.....	41,000
W. Degouy.....	50,000
T. A. Giauque.....	50,000
J. H. McCord.....	16,000
Trumple & Leuthold.....	5,000
Salimina & Tassetti.....	35,000
Oscar & Schultz.....	2,000

OAKVILLE.

H. W. Crabb.....	220,000
Brun & Chaix.....	55,000
A. Jeanmonod.....	15,000
Debaune & Bressard.....	15,000

YOUNTVILLE.

G. Groezinger.....	250,000
T. L. Grigsby.....	35,000

NAPA.

G. Barth.....	90,000
G. Van Bever.....	62,000
G. Miglivaca.....	42,000
G. Pedrotta.....	10,000
Frank Salmina.....	4,500
Hagen Bros.....	15,000
J. J. Sigrist.....	15,000
S. A. Roney.....	3,000
Dr. Pettingill.....	2,000

Total for Napa County1,553,000

Of these forty wine-makers but five are Americans. The rich valley land within the immediate vicinity of St. Helena, if full-bearing vineyard, is worth \$300 per acre, the value decreasing on leaving St. Helena in either direction. Around Yountville it is worth from \$200 to \$250 per acre.

Having definitely determined upon the locality the vintner must next take into consideration what varieties of grape will best suit his purpose. The old Mission grape, a native of California, or, as some aver, brought here by the Missionary *padres* more than a century ago, is now in disfavor as a wine grape. It is invaluable for decorative purposes to those who cater to our romantic taste for legendary lore, but for the more practical purpose of wine-making it is discarded. However, it still holds its own with distillers. The high percentage of sugar which it contains, rating oftentimes as high as thirty-four per cent. to thirty-five per cent., renders it valuable in the manufacture of brandy. At this rate the substance contains twenty-five to thirty gallons of brandy to the ton of grapes. Eventually this special variety will, undoubtedly, be devoted exclusively to this purpose. The favorite wines grapes are the Zinfandel, Reisling and Chasselas. The Zinfandel is, beyond all question, the grape preferred among wine-makers for the claret wines. This grape is small, of a bluish black color, and grows in thick, heavy clusters. In certain localities it is most productive, very prolific, and regular in its production, being more impervious to the frost

than are other varieties. Here be it remarked, that this dread enemy has, in a great measure, been conquered by a process of late discovery. When frost is apprehended its disastrous effect is averted by igniting barrels of tar, placed at intervals throughout the vineyards. The smoke arising thence warms the atmosphere to the extent of dispersing the frost. Those who were victims to the "black frost of '73," doubtless, now avail themselves of this "ounce of precaution;" but *revenons à nos moutons*. Why conjure up this dark phantom in our brighter days!

As the Zinfandel is preferred for red wines so is the Reisling for white. The wine made from this grape commands from eight cents to ten cents more per gallon than any other native wine in the market. It is comparatively scarce, but is now being extensively planted throughout the valley. Following upon these are the Chasselas and Berger grapes. These four varieties are used in the manufacture of champagne by our local manufacturers. For port and other sweet wines the Malvoisie and Burgundy are selected in virtue of their rich flavor, their juiciness, and the high per centage of sugar which they contain. For table grapes the Muscat, Tokay, and Black Morocco are extensively grown. The vintage of 1879 commands to-day the following prices: Reisling, 35c.; Berger and Chasselas, 25c.@30c.; Port, Angelica, Tokay, etc. (sweet wines), 60c.@70c.; Mission, 22c.@25c.; distilling wines, 18c.@20c. Unfortunately, there is now but little old wine in the market, unless that be taken into consideration which has been reserved by Mr. Chas. Krug, of St. Helena, for his Eastern trade.

To the uninitiated a few hints as to the mode of cultivation may prove interesting. Before planting a vineyard the land must be well prepared by thorough plowing, after which it is checked off in blocks, measuring six feet by eight feet, or, in some instances, six feet by seven feet. This is termed staking. At each of these stakes plant your cutting about twelve inches deep, two buds above ground. Second year, prune, leaving but one spur. Plow both ways; hoe between the first and second plowing; after which, run the cultivator through twice the same way. This process is to be repeated year after year. A vineyard does not begin to pay expenses until after the fourth year. A full bearing crop can not be properly anticipated until the seventh year.

The vintage begins in Napa about the first week in September. This last is by far the most interesting phase of the subject. Truth compels us to state, however, that the pretty pictures of rosy-cheeked, fantastically attired maidens, bearing on their heads, with artistic

grace, baskets laden with luscious fruit—pictures from which most of us have received our impressions of "grape gathering"—are purely fancy sketches. At all events, the practical Yankee has divested our vintage of this charming feature, substituting in place of delicate women, whose physical organization renders them utterly unfit for such labor, strong men, whose backs are fitted to the burden of carrying the fifty-pound boxes into which the grapes are picked. These boxes are piled upon wagons, and thus conveyed to the cellars. Wine-making, in its various stages, is an interesting study in itself, not to be briefly touched upon, however. We cannot gather our grapes and bottle our wines with a single pen-stroke. The wines cellars in Napa Valley are constructed in accordance with the taste and wealth of the owner; consequently, we find an infinite variety of architecture. Some of these cellars are very elegant in structure and design. Those constructed of stone are especially noteworthy. Unquestionably, to the visitor, the cellars are the most interesting feature of the valley, especially if that visitor happen to be of the sterner sex. Every man considers it his bounden duty on visiting Napa to personally inspect one and all, if possible, of the forty wine cellars. Having so far listened to the dictates of conscience, he feels at liberty to satisfy his more æsthetic tastes; he turns his horse's head toward White Sulphur Springs. We will accompany him.

These springs, once California's most fashionable resort, can now be said to be in their halcyon days, the term considered in its literal sense. One by one, those who for more than half a score of years frequented this resort, have deserted in favor of the beach. It is still open to the public, but it is in vain we seek among its guests the old familiar faces. Monterey and Santa Cruz have undeniably robbed White Sulphur of its fashionable prestige; but until Nature withdraws the gifts which she has here scattered with so lavish a hand its glory will not have departed. Let the capitalist but wave his wand over these curative waters and their magical properties will at once be restored. The White Sulphur is, by far, the most beautiful *cañon* in the Mayacamas Range. It nestles in the bosom of the mountains, a little world within itself—a mimic stage whereon has been enacted many a scene from real life, drama replete with romantic incident.

Could we rightly interpret the significance of those waving branches which

"Speak not but in signs;"

could we force the confidence of that chattering

brook, whose waters we know full well furnished accompaniment to many a love sonnet in the olden time; could we, in some mysterious way, become possessed of the talismanic leaf which rendered intelligible to the good children in fairy books the language of inanimate nature—who knows what secrets would be divulged? Who can say but that we would then hold the key to much that is problematical in the annals of San Francisco life?

Leaving the *cañon* (its manifold attractions of scenery and climate have been too often dilated upon to admit of recapitulation), we cross Edge Hill Creek, and turn to the right. Here we find some of the finest places in the St. Helena district—Edge Hill, Hillside, and Madroño Cottages. At this point we rein up in perplexity. Shall we attain the county road by way of the avenue, or go through the vineyards? The former affords a view of Mr. Lewelling's beautiful grounds; but by choosing the latter route, stopping at Mr. Pellet's, we obtain one of the finest and most extensive views which the valley affords.

It is utterly impossible to give even a glance at the many beautiful homes which add so materially to the charm of Napa County. To do so would be to wander up the mountain side, into ravine and *cañon*, over the hills to Pope, Chiles, Berryessa, and Conn Valleys. Where would our peregrinations end? When would we reach San Francisco again? It is too late in the season to start out on a summer's campaign. Nevertheless, we must stop one moment at Soda Springs, if only to say that we have tasted Napa soda as it bubbles from the earth.

This is a beautiful spot, its famous medicinal waters being but one of many attractions. The mechanical process of collecting and bottling these waters is extremely interesting. It is done so deftly, and with such astonishing celerity, that the men engaged in the operation seem themselves but automatons—a part of the machinery which they control. The buildings are of white granite, for the most part, overgrown with ivy. This gives to the place an appearance of antiquity, rarely seen in California. Located, as it is, on the side of a mountain, it is clearly discernible from the valley. A most glorious view is obtained at this point. As we stand here now, loth to descend from the mountain, a sense of awe creeps over us, which silences rapture itself. The valley is bathed in the golden light of the setting sun. The rosy clouds approach the blue mountain tops, imprinting a good-night kiss, and all fades away into the purple twilight.

SALLIE R. HEATH.